

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 66

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Chapter 66 Granddaughter-in-law

Scarlett's POV

I got up early. The door of the guest room was closed, so I guessed that Charles had not gotten

up yet

I left Charles's on the table.

Charles's apartment was located in the heart of the business district, surrounded by skyscrapers and many establishments. The location of his home was ideal. The only disadvantage was the traffic jam. I had to leave his place early if I wanted to make it to work on time.

As soon as I arrived at the office, I was as busy as a bee. I was thankful for all the work because it allowed me to forget about Charles,

At noon, Abner walked up to me and handed me a cup of coffee. "I have good news, Scarlett. The company will choose two employees to send abroad to study. If you're interested, I can talk you up."

"Really? But how long will I be away if I'm picked?"

"A year. "Abner paused and then continued. "This is an amazing opportunity. You could learn many things that would help advance your career. I really hope you seize it."

I was a little hesitant. A lot could change in a year.

"I'll think about it and give you an answer as soon as possible." "I suppose Charles is the main reason for your hesitation. Once again, Abner hit the nail on the head.

I averted my gaze and took a sip of my coffee. "No, I'm just worried about my family."

"Onlookers see more clearly. I know you're indecisive because you can't let go of some things, but I sincerely hope that this time around, you'll put yourself first." After that, Abner left.

Abner was a very rational man. And he was right. When it came to Charles, I still deceived myself

As soon as Abner left, Linda walked over to me. She took my hand, pulled me into an empty meeting room, and shut the door.

"What happened to Charles and Rita's father last night?" she asked curiously.

I thought for a while and then told her that I did not know. There was no need to explain that matter to outsiders. It was simply one of the things that were better left unsaid.

Linda seemed a little disappointed that she could not get the information she wanted, so she changed the subject. "What about you and Charles? Are you two really together?"

"Charles and ..."

"You know what, forget it. It doesn't matter Mr. Valde regrets the ductus he made toward you: He said that if he had known that you and Charles were a thing, he wouldn't have made a move on you He wants to apologize to You Linda waved her hand and continued, "Well, let's just let bygones be bygones I don't want to hold onto what happened last night anymore. I'm sorry for the trouble I have caused you."

I was stunned I did not expect the course our conversation took: To some extent, Charles had helped me solve the problem Because of him, I did not need a wine and dine with the business partners anymore to get a sponsorship

I smiled at Linda. I understood her helplessness.

After leaving the meeting room, I went to the studio.

After the show, one of my colleagues told me that an old lady was waiting for me in the reception room. The old lady said that she wanted to see her granddaughter-in-law. I immediately realized that it was Christine

I thanked my colleague before rushing to the reception room with my phone in my hand, As soon as I arrived there, Christine's hearty laughter filled my ears. She was sitting there surrounded by many of the station's staff who were serving her some tea and snacks Everyone around the office was hospitable, and Christine was a ray of sunshine that drew people.

I politely dispersed the crowd, closed the door of the reception room, and sat beside Christine "What are you doing here, Grandma?"

She smiled and gently patted me on the hand. "I'm here to tell everyone that you're Charles's wife. I don't want to see you get bullied again."

I choked on my words for a bit. I did not want to blurt them out in a way that would hurt one of the most important women in my life. "I appreciate your concern, Grandma, but I can take care of myself. Besides, Charles and I are getting divorced soon."

"But you haven't yet. You're still my granddaughter-in-law. And even if you and Charles get divorced, I still won't allow anyone to give you a hard time," Christine replied with conviction:

I felt moved and helpless at the same time. "Grandma, I may no longer be your granddaughter in-law soon, but I will always be your granddaughter, right?" "I suppose we'll always be family. A marriage certificate can't change that." Christine flashed me a perfunctory smile.

I took her hands in mine and squeezed them, "Thank you, Grandma. I think the divorce will be good for me and for Charles, but no matter what happens between us, I will always be your granddaughter." "All right, my dear." Christine smiled back at me and squeezed my hands as well. Then, she cocked her head to the side and asked, "Do you really only have familial affection for Charles? I remember when you told him you wanted him to be your brother. He pouted so much that I thought he was going to break his face."

Thinking of Charles's boyish, angry look, Christine and I burst into laughter. Only the members of the Moore family and the people closest to them knew of Charles's childish side.

La 6 Bathtaki L "I just want to focus on my career now. Grandma. I don't want to think about other things for the time being

Your career will only affect your marriage and relationships [you let it."

I kept silent for a few seconds and then said softly, "We want to divorce not only because of personal reasons but also because of Rita." "That damn woman! She really is desperate to marry into the Moore Family! Well, she can forget it!"

Christine always got angry every time Rita was mentioned. She put down her teacup and put on a serious face. She was also a big shot in the business world during her prime. When she was serious, she exuded an intimidating aura.

I immediately comforted her, "I'm sure Charles will try his best to do right by our family. We just have to let him make his own decisions, and one of them is us getting a divorce. Please don't tell everyone that I am your granddaughter-in-law from now on. I don't want the embarrassment when Charles and I finally finish the process."

I looked into Christine's eyes, hoping she would grant my small request. Slowly but surely, her eyes softened, and a sympathetic smile curled her lips. She leaned over and gave me a hug. "Okay, dear. I'll take back what I said to everyone."

Christine had always been a decisive person. As soon as she finished her words, she rose from her seat and walked toward the door, but I stopped her before she could reach for the doorknob. "You don't need to explain anything to my colleagues now, Grandma. Just stop telling them about me being your granddaughter-in-law. By the way, there's a great coffee shop nearby. How about we go there? I have no work to do this afternoon. I can have coffee with you and go shopping with you if you like."

Christine gladly agreed to my suggestion. As we made our way out of the reception room, everyone turned to look at us with curiosity in their eyes

Scarlett is not my granddaughter-in-law. Stop staring at her. You're making her self-conscious," Christine blurted out without hesitation. She even turned around and winked at me like she was asking for some credit. I kept my gaze ahead and led her out of the station. As I expected, things got worse after she cleared things up about our relationship.

The coffee shop was not that far from the station:

It was well-decorated, and it offered many different kinds of coffee. It was always filled with people because it was so welcoming and cozy. It was a great place for both those who wanted to enjoy some time with company and those who wanted some time alone with their thoughts.

Christine and I sat there and enjoyed our cups of coffee. We talked like we had not seen each other in a long time. Finally, Christine glanced at her watch and gasped, Toh, my, look at the time. We've been talking forever. I have to get home now, dear. Your grandfather must already

Chat Granada be looking for me. We'll go shopping next time, okay?" Fokuy, Grandma. Let's take a rain check for now" "Good girl. The coffee here is really good. I'll bring a cup home to your grandfather." Christine nodded and called the waiter over. | Hearing her mention Michael, I could not help sighing, "You and Grandpa really love each other so much, don't you?

She teased me with a smile, "You and Charles are perfectly capable of doing the same." As soon as she finished her words, Charles walked into the coffee shop. Speaking of the devil.

"Why are you popping up wherever I am like a mushroom? I could not help sniping at him. He had no business showing up here because this coffee shop was too far away from his office.

Charles did not answer my question. Instead, he walked up to me.

He was wearing his usual all-black suit jacket, and heads turned toward him as he made his way to me. "Damn, why does he always have to look this good?" I cursed under my breath.

He raised his eyebrows as if he heard what I just mumbled. Then, he leaned in and planted a soft kiss on my cheek. "I've missed you today, my dear wife. I swung by your office to pick you up, and one of your colleagues told me that you left a long time ago with a woman who referred to you as her granddaughter-in-law. Hi, Grandma."

"Would you keep your voice down?" I snapped at him in a low voice. When I heard the words "wife" and "granddaughter-in-law", I felt my cheeks and ears burn. I had no doubt that I had just turned as red as a tomato.

"What? Why should picking my wife up from work be a secret? Anyway, let's give Grandma a ride home first," Charles replied as he held Christine's arm.

"Oh, no. I won't be the third wheel here. I'll ask the driver to pick me up." Christine beamed and shook her head.

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Chapter 67 Ambiguous Relationship

Charles POV After saying goodbye to my grandma, I took Scarlett home. Scarlett was silent throughout our way back home. With my hands on the steering wheel, I could not help but tease her. "I'm afraid that all the employees at the company know that you are my wife now."

Upon hearing that, Scarlett turned around, glaring at me. There seemed to be a hint of complaint in her eyes as she asked, "Oh my God! Why do you have to mention that?"

"We are a couple, and I don't see why we should hide that from them," I replied casually

****Stop kidding! You know we are not**

It was obviously not something that I wanted to hear, but I took a deep breath and stopped talking about it

I couldn't be too anxious, after all. I was the one who sinned first. I wanted to make it up to her. I wanted her to believe me and accept me

As soon as we got home, Scarlett washed her hands, and rushed into the kitchen, trying to avoid me

I walked into the kitchen, leaned against the wall, and watched as she cooked.

She slightly leaned over the counter and began to chop the vegetables with a knife. Although her knife skills were not as remarkable as those chefs' on the cooking shows, there was an elegance in her style of holding the knife. And I believed that Muse could not be more attractive than Scarlett in the kitchen

While she was absorbed in her cooking, the apron around her blue dress swayed, making her look quite charming

"Scarlett, you look so adorable when you cook that even someone like Narcissus will be fascinated with you."

"You're unctuous! She did not turn around, but I could clearly see that her ears were red

Seeing that I could not help but smile. I felt relaxed whenever she was around. I really hoped to have such days with her in the future,

While I was immersed in admiring her, my phone rang.

I saw the caller ID on the screen, and glanced at Scarlett. She seemed to be quite busy and did not want to talk to me at all

So I walked to the living room answering the call quietly.

"What's up, Rita

I was on the verge of losing my patience with Rita. Time and again, she would cry and beg for

me to understand her, even though she would never consider my feelings

Charles! I can't believe what you did! How could you talk to my father like that? Usually, Rita would start our calls with a crying voice, but it was different now! It was evident that her father did not take my words seriously at all. In fact, he had quickly complained to his daughter, thinking that I had offended him "He has been harassing Scarlett, Rita. And I am just getting started. If you had not saved me, I would not have let him go so easily." I said in a calm voice. "No, no, Charles... Didn't you say that you were divorcing Scarlett? My father is your future father-in-law. How could you disrespect him so blindly?" Rita's voice was choked with sobs. I could almost imagine the tears in her eyes, because I had already seen them a million times by now. However, I found it strange that I did not feel pity for her as I had before

"Yes, I was." I said coldly. "Charles? What do you mean by that? Why do you keep defending your ex-wife so much?" Rita raised her voice

Annoyed, I just hung up the phone. I did not expect her to be so insatiable.

Looking at the phone screen, I couldn't help but frown. I had not thought that she would have such a side to her. It was obviously her father who was in the wrong, but instead of feeling guilty, she was taking his side.

Thinking that I had been trusting the wrong person all along made me sick to my guts, like I had swallowed a fly.

What's the matter, Charles? Scarlett asked, taking off her apron

"Rita called and complained that I shouldn't have spoken to her father like that," I explained, trying my best to keep my emotions in check. I was afraid that Scarlett might get angry again knowing that Rita called.

"Oh, hasn't she always been like that? Don't provoke her, okay? She is not in good health right) now." To my surprise, Scarlett was a lot calmer than I had expected. She took her apron and hung it on the wall.

"Okay. Is dinner ready? Let's eat! I can't wait to eat the food you made," I said softly, holding her hand.

Scarlett had prepared a sumptuous dinner of cream of mushroom soup, lamb chops with black pepper and bacon salad.

Although the ingredients were pretty basic, I felt like it was better than the food served at Michelin restaurants. Moreover, Scarlett had specially cooked it for me. Thinking of that, I realized that her food was particularly delicious to me.

Scarlett sat from across me at the dinner table, quietly enjoying her salad. Even though she was not eating her food with elegance like Rita always did, her mannerisms stimulated my appetite.

"Scarlett, I wish I could eat your food every single day." Even my meaningful compliment did not inspire her to pay attention to me.

docorno

I was staring at her when her phone rang and all of a sudden Scarlett kept looking at her phone occasionally and would also reply to the messages. With a frown, I walked over to her, and grabbed her phone. I noticed that she was messaging Nina. I felt relieved when I thought that she was not texting some man that I did not know about.

"Honey, are you secretly in a relationship with Charles?" I did not hesitate as I sat down next to Scarlett, held her waist to stop her from taking her phone back, as I replied to the message.

"We are actually a couple" I then loosened my grip on her waist so that she could take her phone back.

"Charles, why did you do that? Don't talk nonsense!" Scarlett cried out as soon as she saw the message. She withdrew the message, glaring at me.

"Aren't we a couple now?"

I was indifferent to her shyness and her anger as I moved closer to her. Scarlett was so furious that she raised her hand, and tried to push me away, but she was too weak for my strength: I grabbed her hand and pulled her into my arms.

Scarlett's soft breasts clung to my chest, and I could smell a faint hint of peppermint perfume from her body. Although I had always considered myself to be a man with good self-control, even I could not help but admit that I was so fascinated by her at that moment. If only it had been the right time for such things, I would have taken her right then and there.

"Let go of me, Charles. I have to go. I have to meet Nina at the bar.

Trembling, Scarlett pushed me away crossly.

Even if I could not do what I wanted to now, I was not going to let her go so easily.

"I haven't finished yet. You must have dinner with me," I whispered in her ear.

"You are not a child. You don't need an adult to accompany you while you eat your food. Besides, I only promised to cook for you; I never said anything about having dinner with you." Scarlett's eyes were cold as she looked at me.

"What if I tell you that I can't eat without you?" I asked slowly and sensually, looking into her eyes. "Please, just promise that you will have dinner with me, and after that I will take you

Gradually her cheeks began to turn red. Now, I knew for certain that she would not leave me alone

"Okay, fine, but just this once."

She looked at me helplessly, but I found her reluctance to be rather adorable,

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Chapter 68 The Lawsuit

Scarlett's POV:

I swore that I was not a person of weak will.

But when such a perfect man like Charles pouted and acted like a spoiled brat, I did not think any woman could refuse him. So that I could leave as soon as I could, I promised him that I would finish dinner with him and then go meet Nina.

I was absentminded during the entire meal because I was not that hungry. Also, Charles had been watching me and flashing me playful smiles, which made me uneasy. I only felt relieved when dinner was finally done.

Charles kept his word and drove me to the bar

However, after opening the car door for me and letting me out, he stood in my way,

"Scarlett, drinking is bad for your health, and it's easy to get into trouble when you've had too much of it. Don't drink more than three glasses of wine, and don't stay for more than half an hour inside. I'll wait for you here," Charles declared as he looked down at me:

I rolled my eyes and heaved a frustrated sigh. "Charles, I'm an adult. I know how to conduct myself in a bar. I don't need you to tell me how much alcohol I should drink or how much time I should spend with my friend. Honestly, do you really see me as some girl who doesn't know her limits?"

My snapping apparently intimidated Charles. He raised both his hands in surrender and stepped back.

Very well. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said so much. I'm just worried about you, okay?" he said.

I grabbed my purse, walked past him, and headed straight to the bar.

"Stay as long as you want. I'll wait for you here," he yelled after me.

I kept walking, "Go home, Charles. I can take care of myself."

As soon as I entered the bar, I saw Nina waving at me. I smiled, walked over to her, and sat down.

"Hey, Nina. How did you know about this place? It's really nice and buzzing. I love the decoration."

"This is Spencer's new bar. I thought you knew about it. He told me I could swing by whenever I wanted and put my bill on his tab. Nina put on a charming smile and flipped her curly hair.

"Since when did you and Spencer get so close?" I asked curiously.

She giggled and poked me with her elbow: "Oh, please. We're not here to talk about me and Spencer. We're here to talk about you and Charles. So what's your deal? I saw the message before you withdrew it. Are you really a couple? I mean, he's been coming to the office to see you and everything."

Nina leaned in and stared at me with great interest

I felt a little embarrassed under her probing gaze.

No, we're not a couple." "Honey. I just said I saw the message. Don't tell me you just happened to type the wrong word. Aren't we good friends? Why can't you tell me the truth? Nina refused to give up.

Looking at her. I knew I could not hide anymore. She had always been kind to me, and I had known her to be the kind of person that I could trust. Finally deciding to tell her the truth. I took a deep, steadying breath. "As you know, the president

of the Lively Group came to the office to see me a few days ago He's actually Rita's father. When my father was alive, he had been involved in a lawsuit with hiru." I weighed my words carefully and left out the part where Nate expressed his depraved desire to keep me as his mistress. Then, I continued. "Charles found out about it and came to the station to ask me about it. He wanted to know what Rita's father had said to me. And yes, We're indeed a couple. We've been married for a few years."

I felt a little sheepish telling Nina about my secret marriage. It was like I was back in high school and telling my best friend about the forbidden relationship I was having with the school bad boy. I had never felt sillier in my entire life.

"Oh, my God, Scarlett! I can't believe you're only telling me this now!" Nina cried out, drawing the attention of the people in closest proximity to us. I did not see any trace of anger or disappointment in her face though, which made me feel relieved.

"I didn't mean to hide it from you. It's just something that I don't want to bring up in casual conversations." I reached out for her hand and squeezed it.

"Well, thank you for finally telling me. At least I'm sure now that you regard me as a real friend. And you can trust me, you know?" She flashed me a crooked smile, squeezed my hand back, and then proceeded to playfully pinch my face.

Now, now, Mrs. Moore, don't be sad. Charles will be heartbroken if he sees you frowning."

The moment the words "Mrs. Moore" rolled off Nina's tongue, I instinctively covered her mouth with my hand. I knew she was just teasing, but the fact that I was married to Charles was still not something I wanted announced in a public place.

"Would you keep it down? We're not really the happily-ever-after married couple you think."

"But you're still married, aren't you? Nina grinned and raised her eyebrows at me.

"Yes, but again, it's not what you think," I whispered, still leaving out the part that our marriage was basically a business deal. It was a complicated arrangement, and I did not want to drag Nina into all of it.

After a little catch-up and joking around, Nina ordered two cocktails for us and asked, "You said that your father was involved in a lawsuit when he was alive. Do you know much about

"No, not really: It was marry years ago. All I know is that something big happened to the Riley Group and that my father was left devastated."

Witit, the Riley Group why does that name sound fruiliar? Oh! Yes! My Tither handled that Casal Nina suddenly shouted:

I almost fell out of my seat in shock "What do you mean?"

At this time, our waiter brought us our cocktails, and Nina took a sip from hers. She collected

Group's legal team." I could not believe my ears. How could the world be this small? Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine. Nina and myself to be connected this way. Nina's father used to be my father's lawyer.

Your father's case was actually sensational. The media followed it closely back in the day. My father had been very busy at that time, I watched him work the entire case, so I know about it," Nina said, biting on her straw and staring into space as if she was recalling a half-forgotten memory

Listening to her, my heart started racing. I suddenly thought of my father: He had taken good care of me, but ultimately, we were forced to part ways. I could still remember his haggard face when he was being interrogated like a criminal. It was one of the scenes in my life that I would erase from my mind in a heartbeat if I could.

I picked up my cocktail and took a sip. The cold, sweet liquid burned a line down my throat. The alcohol was supposed to be a downer, something to blunt the edges of pain, but tonight, its sting felt like salt against an open wound. I lowered my head and shook the awful images off my mind "My father still thinks that your father was innocent: I'm sorry, Scarlett. We shouldn't be talking about this, but if it makes you feel any better, as long as you don't give up, I'm sure you'll find a way to wash away your father's grievances." Nina held my hand and looked at me seriously

I appreciated her encouragement. I was grateful to her and her father. Besides myself, they were the other people who believed in my father.

Once again, I squeezed Nina's hand. I had a lot to say to her, but I did not know where to start.

Wait, is that Rita? What is she doing here?" Nina suddenly asked in a low voice, looking past my shoulder. Her words toppled my thoughts like a baseball crashing into a pyramid of milk bottles. I turned to look at the entrance of the bar. Charles and Rita walked in arm in arm with Spencer following behind them.

"Oh, my God! Is she following you or something?" Nina mumbled unhappily.

I straightened my back the moment I laid eyes on Rita. I hastily rose from my seat and kept my head down, hoping that Charles had not noticed me.

"Excuse me. I need to go to the bathroom," I told Nina.

My breath started coming in short bursts when I saw Rita cling to Charles. It was the last thing I wanted to see and certainly not something I would love to stick around and watch.

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Chapter 69 Encounter

Rita's POV:

Charles had been getting more and more indifferent toward me lately, which left me feeling all flustered and restless. Did I do something wrong?

At this time, Richard walked in with a bunch of roses in his hand. What was wrong with this man?

"Where have you been? Did you find anything?" I had sent him to keep an eye on Scarlett, but he had returned with no useful information.

"I haven't found anything unusual, babe." Richard put the roses in the vase, turned around, and looked at me fawningly.

"Oh, you worthless goon! Have you really been keeping an eye on Scarlett like I told you to? Charles has been giving me the cold shoulder! It has to be her fault!" I rushed up to him, grabbed the vase, and shattered it on the floor.

Richard did not even flinch. He had been guarding me for so long that he had gotten used to my mood swings and erratic behavior. Without saying a word, he just went ahead and started cleaning up the mess I made.

"I asked you a question, Richard!" I could not stand it when he answered me with the silent treatment.

"Spencer has opened a new bar. Maybe we can ask him what's going on with Charles and Scarlett," he finally suggested.

That lit up a bulb in my head. Spencer was Charles's good friend. Why had I never thought of asking him?

"Thank you. That's a great idea."

With a smile, I tiptoed and kissed Richard's Adam's apple. The dejection on his face disappeared in an instant, and he had completely succumbed to my charm. He stretched out his arms and attempted to wrap them around me. I knew he wanted more.

But I did not let him succeed. I pushed him away and said, "You stay here. I'll change and go to Spencer's new bar."

Spencer's family was mainly engaged in the entertainment industry, and they had almost complete monopoly over Los Angeles' bar scene. Even though Charles and Spencer had been friends since they were little boys, they were completely different. Charles did not mess around with women while Spencer was a frivolous flirt.

I flicked my wavy hair and practiced my charming smile, hoping to get something helpful out of Spencer.

When I arrived at Spencer's new bar, I bumped into the person I really wanted to see but was not expecting to

Leaning against the door of his silver Phantom, Charles took a drag from his cigarette. His perfectly sculpted profile was facing me like a bust of a Greek god. He was in all black but without the suit jacket, and the two topmost buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a little of his chest. I could not help smiling from ear to ear.

Only a woman out of her damn mind would let go of such a handsome, rich man. I clenched my fists and started walking toward him, my insides burning with sheer excitement.

"Charles!" I called his attention.

He turned around and raised his eyebrows. He seemed surprised to see me.

"What are you doing here, Rita? You're unwell. A bar is no place for you. Go home."

He wanted me away the moment he saw me. I was not going to make it easy for him. I softened my features, slumped my shoulders, and started speaking in a gentle tone. "But I haven't come out for a long time. I'm feeling better today, so I decided to go out and have some fun. I heard that Spencer has opened a new bar, so I came to see it. Will you accompany me?"

"No, Rita. Please go home. You can't strain yourself. It'll be more troublesome for you and the people who have to take care of you if your conditions get worse," Charles replied in a neutral tone and then took another drag from his cigarette. He seemed to be unmoved by my begging.

But luck made us meet here. I was not about to leave and waste the opportunity. Knowing that Charles would not dare stop me, I stepped up, took his hand, and dragged him into the bar.

He kneaded his nose, tossed his half-finished cigarette, and let me tow him. I felt complacent that he still cared about me. Otherwise, he would have forced me into his car and drove me home against my wishes.

Spencer was also surprised at my arrival. Upon laying eyes on me, he looked like he wanted to say something but decided not to say it. If I had to guess, I thought it would fall along the lines of me not being welcome in his new bar. I did not appreciate it, but I just flashed him my best sweet smile.

I almost blew up my own act when I saw Scarlett's presence. It seemed that Charles was outside waiting for her.

Ever since we walked in, Charles's eyes had been glued to Scarlett.

I forced a smile and held on tightly to him. "Let's go to a private room, Charles."

Ignoring my request, Charles turned to Spencer and said, "Will you get Rita a private

room?"

Then, he left.

I pressed my lips together in a thin line as I watched Charles walk away. The back of my eyes started to burn, but I immediately shoved down the emotions that started bubbling to the surface.

"Come, Rita. Let's get you a VIP room," Spencer said.

"No, thanks. I have to go get Charles."

Not even glancing at Spencer's general direction, I followed Charles. When I caught up with him, I saw him making out with Scarlett near the bathrooms.

My heart leapt to my throat, and I had to grab the nearest wall to support myself as my knees buckled. Was it really Charles? Why was he so obsessed with Scarlett? It was the first time I had ever seen him acting like that. It was not only because he was kissing Scarlett. He was touching and holding her as if it would kill him if he ever let her go. As it turned out, he had some sexual desires, but he only showed them to Scarlett.

In the middle of my trance, a strong hand grabbed my arm, led me into a private room, and shut the door.

"Give up. Rita. If Charles really wants to marry you, no one can stop him. However, he hasn't divorced yet, and it's not because he can't. It's because he doesn't want to," Spencer told me and folded his arms over his chest.

"You don't know that," I retorted. I had done so much for Charles. I was unwilling to give up. It was Scarlett who should give up.

"You just saw him kissing his wife. Why are you so desperate to marry him anyway? I mean, you already have your boy toy Richard. Yes, we know that you two are sleeping together. We're not idiots." 3

"I don't know what you're talking about. There's nothing going on between me and Richard. You can't hurl a horrendous accusation like that at me!" I was flustered. How did they know that I had slept with Richard? Damn it!

"You have always been so high-profile. It's difficult for you to keep anything in your life a secret." Spencer sneered.

"You..." I tried to bite down the hint of embarrassment in my voice, but I failed.

"Just stop, Rita. You're not doing yourself any favors here. If you keep going on like this, any gratitude Charles has left for you will disappear. Once his vision clears and he realizes that you've been trying to fool him, he'll make your life a living hell. You know that," Spencer said ruthlessly.

"Charles has hurt my feelings. He promised to marry me, but all he seems to want to do these days is to be with Scarlett. He's been jerking me around, and I won't have it!

I snapped. The gloom and distress in my chest lodged a lump in my throat. Scarlett had always been a darling to everyone around her, and it was unfair!

"All right. Don't say I didn't try talking some sense into you, Rita. I'm out. I just hope to God you don't do anything stupid." Seeing that I was beginning to get emotional, Spencer did not want to say anything more and ended our conversation.

Once again, my eyes burned with anger. I took out my phone from my purse and dialed Charles, but he did not answer.

Scarlett's POV:

"Go accompany your Rita, and don't bother me." I pushed Charles away. I could not believe he just pinned me against the wall and kissed me in such a public place. Even though the feeling of his lips was still fresh against mine, the image of him and Rita holding hands was still clear as day in my head. I took many deep breaths to keep myself from lashing out.

"Scarlett..."

"Don't call me that!" I snapped, shoved him back, and returned to my and Nina's table.

He knew clearly that I had an aversion to Rita, but he still kept her close. The moment I sat down, I emptied my glass, hoping my drink would drown my sorrows.

"May I sit here?" It was Charles's annoying voice again.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Moore?" Nina raised her head and asked.

"Just waiting for my wife to finish having a good time so that I can take her home," Charles replied shamelessly.

"Your wife is not here." I retorted without raising my head and then gulped down a mouthful of wine. Nina had ordered a bottle while I was gone.

"Slow down, Scarlett," Nina reminded me in a low voice and tugged at my clothes.

"It's okay. Let her drink. If she gets drunk tonight, I'll take good care of her in bed." Charles grinned and poured more wine for me. I saw him wink at Nina, and I rolled my eyes.

I snatched the bottle of wine from his hand and set it on the table. I looked him dead in the eyes and grunted, "Dream on, jerk."

"Well, it looks like you two are good here. I don't want to be a third wheel," Nina said sheepishly, preparing to leave me behind.

"No, we're not good here, Nina," I said, trying to stop her.

"It's okay, honey. Just know that I would like to be your future baby's godmother, all right?" Nina picked up her purse and beamed at me. Then, she turned to Charles and said, "Mr. Moore, would you be willing to sit with me on an interview?"

"It depends on Scarlett. As long as she agrees, I'll be fine with it," Charles said lazily and then glanced at me.

"Then I'll take that as a yes." Nina was very happy to receive a satisfactory reply. Before she left, she gave me one last pinch on the cheek.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 70

Chapter 70 Fallen In Love

Scarlett's POV:

"Wait for me, Nina. I'll go with you!"

After seeing Nina leave, I quickly picked up my bag, and was about to follow her. I was unwilling to be alone with Charles because I was afraid that it might be too much of a risk

"You are not going anywhere!" Charles stopped me forcefully and pressed me down on the couch.

"Let me go! What do you want?"

"Isn't it obvious? I want to continue our kiss," he answered brazenly before he pinned me down with one hand and kissed me passionately.

I was gasping for breath, like a fish out of water. I could not breathe as I felt like he had sucked up my soul. Charles kissed me fiercely, and I felt helpless, so I patted him on the arm weakly.

"Don't refuse me, babe." He continued to flirt with me while our tongues were entwined.

My ears were red as I was feeling really embarrassed, but he did not let me move as he parted my lips with his strong tongue. Charles then started a new round of attack.

Fortunately, it was a relatively secluded place, so no one could notice us. Unable to think straight, I was in a trance.

After a while, Charles withdrew from the kiss helped me straighten my wrinkled dress. Although I knew that he was not going to be intimidated by me, I glared at him from the corner of my eyes.

He smiled as he kissed the back of my hand and carried me out of the bar.

I buried my face in his shoulder. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to bury myself. How could he look so cool? Wasn't he embarrassed with all the people looking at us? Spencer and the others are certainly going to make fun of us now.

Carrying me in his arms, Charles walked to the car, and gently put me in the backseat. He then got in the car with me.

Feeling that something was wrong, I sat up at once, but it was too late by then. Charles held me and made me sit on his lap. While struggling, I accidentally touched his muscular abdomen. Biting my lip shyly, I blushed.

"Rita is waiting for you inside. And I want to go home, so put me down already!" I tried to remind him that he should be caring about Rita and not me.

"Spencer is with her, so the only thing I need to worry about right now is to take really good care of you." Charles looked at me with a deep gaze. His shirt collar was a little messed up which highlighted his chiseled jaw. There was a shallow mark on his clavicle, which was caused by my fingernails digging into his skin during my struggle.

"You'd better take care of her," I said with a gulp as I forced myself not to look into his eyes.

"Like this?" Saying that, he quickly slid his hand into my clothes and unhooked my bra clasp.

My eyes went wide with shock.

"You... Rogue! Shame on you!" I tried to weep, but I could not, and Charles was getting greedier and hungrier by the minute.

"What if I am? You are my wife, after all! There is nothing to be ashamed of wanting to be with my own wife." He smiled mischievously as he continued to trace his fingers all over my body.

Burning with rage, I pulled his hand away. "We are going to divorce soon, and people might misunderstand us if you do such things, so please, just behave yourself! Soon, I won't be your wife anymore, so you must be insane if you really want to do such things with me." Clearly, my head was a mess.

"Don't mention the divorce anymore, and if you do, I will announce to the media that you are my wife. When that happens, you will end up being a "Moore" for the rest of your life. No matter how hard you try to, there is no way for you to escape this," Charles warned me with a long face.

I knew that he was quite capable of doing such a despicable thing. His words made me restrain my anger and remain silent as I tried to ignore him.

Charles sighed helplessly and said in a low voice, "Scarlett, please understand me. I just want to be with the woman I love, just like any normal guy."

"Stop it," I shouted, "What does he even mean by that? Is he trying to push his luck?"

"Don't you feel the same way about me? Didn't you feel anything when I kissed you?" Charles leaned closer and continued to whisper in my ear, "I promise that we won't divorce. I'll deal with Rita. You are the only woman for me, okay?"

His breath was soft, tickling my cheeks. My ears felt numb under his warm breath. I had no clue if he was being truthful or not. Rita's final wish was to marry Charles before she passed. Was he really willing to break his promise to the woman who had saved his life?

I looked into his eyes, trying to find even a sliver of dishonesty in them.

He kissed my eyes softly and said, "I know that you don't believe me now, but give me some time, and I will prove it to you that I am being honest."

"There is no need for you to prove anything to me. We are fine just the way we are now." There was still an aversion towards Rita in my heart, which prevented me from being with him.

"No, I will make you mine, and it will only be you."

After saying that, Charles kissed me passionately, ignoring my objection. Without even wasting a moment, he reached into my clothes and began caressing my waist.

I should have pushed him away, but I didn't. There was a charm in him that made it impossible for me to resist him. Placing my hands on his shoulders, I tilted my head to receive his kiss affectionately. Perhaps, it was the alcohol that pushed me to let loose.

"Take a breath. We've kissed numerous times by now, and yet, you don't know when to take a breath." Taking a step back, Charles looked at me with a smile.

"Do you really think that everyone is an experienced kisser like you are?" Out of breath, I covered my mouth with my hand, fearing that he might pounce on me again.

"Well, that's only because I'm a fast learner. I was only able to improve my kissing skills after practicing with you for a few times, so you should also practice your kissing with me," he said.

"What does he mean by that? Does he mean to say that he hasn't kissed anyone before? Before I could continue to ponder over it, he kissed me again.

The air in the car was getting hotter by the minute and I gradually immersed myself in his kiss. In fact, I wanted more, but I jolted back to reality the moment his phone rang

However, Charles did not stop until I gave him a soft push. He kissed the corner of my lips before he sat up.

He answered the phone impatiently and turned on the speaker. It was a call from Spencer.

"You'd better have something important to talk about," Charles said in a gloomy voice.

"Charles, come back at once. Rita wants to drink, and I can't stop her. If she has a relapse in the bar later, then it will be bad." Spencer said exaggeratedly. He was trying to urge Charles to go back to the bar.

"Call her bodyguards, then," Charles replied coldly, before he ended the call and put his phone on silent mode. 20:51

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Seeing that, I was confused. In the past, he would rush to Rita's side as soon as she called him, but now, he did not seem to want to stop her, even though she was causing a fuss, ignoring her own health condition. Recalling everything that Charles had done for me lately, I could not help but wonder if he really loved me.

Shaking my head, I tried to deny such thoughts as I knew that I should not have such unrealistic expectations, if I did not want to be disappointed later.

“Shall we continue?” Charles whispered in my ear.

“Let’s go home,” I said, punching his chest.

With a smile, he took me to the passenger seat and helped me sit down before he sat down in the driver’s seat and started the car.

Feeling exhausted from our passion, I gradually fell asleep.

When I woke up. I saw Charles smoking quietly with the window down. He looked indifferent, like he was lost in thought.

“How long have I slept? And why didn’t you wake me up?” I asked, rubbing my forehead, still feeling sleepy.

“Just a while, and you were sleeping soundly. That’s why I didn’t have the heart to wake you up.” Charles quickly stubbed the cigarette and turned to me.

I nodded and said goodbye to him. I wanted to go home and sleep on my bed.

“A goodnight kiss.” Grabbing my hand, he looked at me lazily.

My heart softened, and before I realized what I was doing, I had already kissed him on the lips. It was only a peck, and our lips parted quickly.

However, Charles’ eyes were filled with happiness, like a little boy who finally got the candies he wanted. He then gently kissed my forehead and said, “Goodnight, Scarlett.